



VOL. XVIII.



Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man,

Agricultural Schools.

It is well known, we presume, by our readers, that the public mind has been, for some years,

more or less exercised upon the subject of schools

devoted to the particular subject of agriculture.

We have ever been in favor of such an institution, and were, of course, particularly well

pleased to hear the Governor reiterate the recom-

mendation that has been so often made to the

Legislature in regard to it. But will the Legis-

lature hear to it? Will they act favorably toward

the establishment of one? We hope so.

Among all the talk and all the speeches

against the measure, we never heard what ap-

peared to us to be a valid objection. And yet,

year after year, the friends of the measure have

been doomed to see their hopes destroyed, and

their exertions foiled. What is still more

strange and unaccountable, is this: The blow

comes from the farmers themselves. Not that

the great mass of the farmers of Maine are op-

posed to such an institution, but enough of them

to defeat the measure; and this, too, without

good reasons, and by a course of procedure

wholly inconsistent with their own welfare as a

class, or as real well-wishers to the good of the

community. We say, without good reason; for

it is unreasonable to suppose that while all other

professions and callings have schools, whose

specific object is to train young men for the

particular professions there taught, the farmer is

left to obtain knowledge particularly adapted to

his pursuits, where he can chance to find it. We say, inconsistent; because those same men, help, either directly or indirectly, to support

those other institutions, while they oppose the

creation of any for themselves. Colleges are

endowed by government for instruction in gen-

eral science, and it is well: the farmers help main-

tain them. Law schools are endowed to in-

struct young men in the intricacies of law, and

it is well: the farmers help maintain them.

Medical schools are endowed by different States,

for the purpose of initiating young men into the

science and art of medicine, and it is well: the

farmers help support them. Theological schools

are established and authorized by different States,

for the purpose of teaching and indoctrinating

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 23, 1850.

R. EATON, Proprietor. | E. HOLMES, Editor.

Reform Schools

We have, in some of the past numbers of our paper, made remarks upon the defects of our penitentiary, or rather our reformatory system of dealing with our criminals. It appears to us that the revengeful is more conspicuous in it than the reforming principle, and not only the benefit of the criminal himself but the good of society call loudly for some change. Gov. Hubbard, in his message, has called the attention of the Legislature to a branch of our prison system, hitherto strangely and unparsonably neglected among us. It is that part that pertains to juvenile offenders. At present, a boy, either through thoughtlessness or from wrong education, or, it may be, from malice, commits some crime. It is his first step towards the gallows. What shall we do with him? Why, push him on faster. We seize upon him, visit him with the "majesty of the law"—convict him, and then shut him up with old, experienced, hardened villains, to receive further instruction in vice, and next to none in virtue. We tell him that he has ruined his character, destroyed every hope of usefulness, and prospect of becoming a man, beloved, respected and honored by society; and then to make our words true, place him in a situation where it is next to impossible for him to become otherwise. Is it strange, if we do so much to bend the twig, that the tree becomes a troublesome deformity in the social garden—yielding no fruit but that of discord and bitterness?

What shall be done with them? Why, the same that you would do with your children if they were exposed to some deadly distemper. Remove them from the influence of it. Surround them with a healthy atmosphere—unite them with such sanitary associations as would not only eradicate any disease that had showed itself, but preserve them in future. As we would protect the bodily health, so we should the moral.

For this purpose the benevolence of the day has devised the system of Reform Schools—schools where children and youth who have become addicted to vices, may be sent, restrained from their evil habits and propensities, educated in the branches of science usually taught, and more especially in virtuous conduct—their good propensities brought out, encouraged and strengthened. We like the system, but we do not like the name—it carries an idea of reprobation with it. To say that a young man has been educated at the Reform School, is to say he was a culprit once, and has been under the surveillance of the law for criminals. It may be true, but it should not be fixed upon him even thus.

Let them be called by some local name like any other school. There ought to be three if not more in this State, so as to accommodate different sections. We shall nevertheless be glad to see even one.

Other People's Eyes

It is a singular fact in the history of human folly, that other people's eyes cost a vast deal more than our own. Indeed, other people's eyes have caused the ruin of many a poor, mistaken mortal.

It is for the sake of appearing in a style which shall attract and astonish other people's eyes—that "fashionable" people are induced to run into extravagances which too many of them cannot afford, and which ultimately crush and destroy them by the expense of cash and time which such courses involve. Could one be possessed with "clairvoyant" power for a short time, and be enabled to travel around into the secret corners of the thoughts of the millions who are straining every nerve to appear what they really are not, and see the pains and heartaches, the troubles, the trials, the expedients, and the turning and twisting, the privations of the real want that the artful ones may gratify—the wear and tear of conscience, and the compoundings of villainy with the promptings of honesty, it would astonish him beyond measure. Even what we see on the outside of the curtain, which hides the drama of life from the "outsiders," is enough to fill us oftentimes with melancholy surprise.

A year or two ago, the Evening Mirror went into a calculation in regard to the expenses incurred in obtaining every year the articles of dress subject to the fluctuations of fashion. Now what is fashion as it regards dress? Why, it consists principally in the difference of form—sometimes it consists in material, but material is limited in its varieties; for, as a general thing, our dress are brought to this great mark of taste, and is every one's privilege to make their selection from the unlimited variety, at low prices.

The Cuban Invasion. It is confidently reported that Gen. Lopez and staff left New Orleans lately, in a fast sailing steamer, for the general rendezvous, preparatory to the invasion of Cuba. It is said that the force under Lopez cannot be less than 8000 men, principally old Mexican volunteers, who are well armed and provisioned, and that they will probably attempt a landing sometime between the 14th and 25th. Gen. Quitman is believed to have joined this expedition as commander-in-chief.

Railroad Accident. On Sunday morning, the New York train of cars, on the Norwich road, when about three miles from Worcester, met with a serious accident. One of the wheels on a second class car broke, and the car was nearly capsized, throwing the passengers into a heap together. The car was almost instantly smashed into splinters, and sixteen of the passengers were wounded, some of them fatally.

Jewett & Prescott. No. 2 Milk Street, Boston, present great inducements to purchasers:—Sails, Sicks, Visites, Mantillas, &c., from all parts of the world, are brought to this great mark of taste, and is every one's privilege to make their selection from the unlimited variety, at low prices.

California Emigration. Fifty-six vessels have sailed for California since the fifth of April, six of which were steamers. Whole number on the Atlantic coast since the excitement first began, about 1100.

Cholera. The cholera is raging again at St. Louis—27 deaths last week.

Fire at Casino. A barn belonging to Mr. Thos. E. Hale was destroyed by lightning, together with a yoke of oxen, two cows, and a number of sheep, 6th instant.

And that one clerk be allowed to each county, to be selected in like manner as the members of the committee, and to receive the per diem of the members of the Legislature.

The report was accepted.

Senate. Mr. Reed, from the committee appointed to contract with some suitable persons to purchase and bring to the State, reported that they had been engaged by Wm. T. Johnson to do the printing, and John H. Harford to do the binding. Report accepted.

House. After considerable discussion, the House agreed to assign the 20th of June for the election of a United States Senator on its part.

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Steamboat burning. The New York Tribune says that more than 1,000 lives and more than \$1,000,000 in property have been lost by steamboat burnings, within the last two years.

Self-loading rifle. P. W. Porter, of Memphis, has made a self-loading rifle. It has a revolving wheel perforated by forty chambers. The charge of one chamber loads another one. This is an improvement on Colt's revolver.

Waterville Academy. We have received a very neatly printed catalogue of Waterville Academy, for the academic year ending May 10, 1850. The number of students during the past year, has been 332. The board of Instruction consists of James H. Hanson, A. M., Principal; Roxana F. Hanson, Preceptor; Elmira F. Marston, Albion B. Clark, Assistants.

FAMILY KITCHEN GARDEN. A new and very excellent work upon gardening has been laid upon our table, published by C. M. Saxton, 123, Fulton Street, New York, price 75 cents, bound in cloth.

It is a neatly printed duodecimo of 216 pages, by Robert Bunt, well known throughout the Union, as a practical gardener, nursery and seedman, of Philadelphia. It is a plain, practical, useful work, well calculated to give just such instruction as the young gardener ought to learn and the old gardener to remember.

FAVORS BY EXPRESS. We are indebted to Carpenter & Co.'s Express, for late Daily papers; and also to Cushing & Co.'s Express, for many similar favors.

New Steamer.

The new steamer which we mentioned not long ago as being launched in this place, is now ready to take her place on the route for which she is intended. She is a handsomely formed and beautifully finished boat, called the J. D. Pierce; is owned by Mr. V. D. Pinkham of this city, and will be Augusta, Bath, and Wiscasset, going to and from each place every day. Her hull was built by Master Jones—the finishing done by Mr. E. Sawyer, and her engine made by Endicott & Allen of Boston, with two cylinders, and is one hundred horse power.

This boat will be quite an accommodation to the travelling community on this route, and much credit is due the proprietors for providing one so good and convenient. We hope they will meet general patronage, for they deserve it.

Gauthier's Writing Fluid. Our neighbor Gauthier, who keeps at No. 10, Arch Row, in this city, makes an excellent writing fluid. We have used it, and therefore give you this inkling of its good quality. It is black, and flows easily, whether in a hair line or full face. We commend Gauthier and his "ink horn" to those who are in pursuit of a durable writing fluid.

HAMPDEN ACADEMY. A catalogue of this Institution has been received, by which we find that it is in a flourishing condition. G. C. Swallow, A. M., is Principal; assisted in the various departments by Mrs. M. A. Swallow, teacher of Drawing, Miss H. Augusta Higgins, teacher of Music; Mr. Geo. Bryant, teacher of Penmanship; Mr. E. A. Hardinge, Mr. E. J. Hart, and Mr. Wingate E. Gibbs, are also Assistants. The Summer Term of this Institution will commence on the 3d day of June next.

INSURANCE OF LIVE STOCK. The plan of insuring live stock is a good one. Almost every farmer has some valuable animal—a horse or cow, or yoke of oxen, sheep, &c., which he would like to have insured at a cheap rate. This can now be effected. By reference to the advertisement in our paper, it can be done at Child's in this city, at reasonable rates.

PHONOGRAPHY. Those who feel interested in this new labor-saving science of reading and writing, are referred to Mr. A. M. Burton's advertisement in another column. Many enquiries have been made of us where books, papers, &c., giving instruction of this kind, could be obtained. You can find them at Mr. Burton's, Portland.

KENNEBEC TEMPERANCE LEAGUE. The friends of Temperance in this county held a meeting at State Street Chapel, in this city, on Friday last; and took the preparatory steps to form a Kennebec County Temperance League. The meeting was adjourned to meet at the same place in four weeks from that day, which will be the 14th day of June next.

THE FAKIR OF AVA. The Magicians of the East are in a fair way of being eclipsed by this unrivaled performer in the arts of legerdemain. His exhibition at Windup Hall will be attended by all whose curiosity prompts them to witness the skill of one of the best performers of the mysterious arts in the world.

gathered News Fragments, &c.

United States Senator. A convention of the Democratic members of both branches of the Legislature was held on Monday evening last, at which Hon. H. Hamlin was nominated for U. S. Senator. There were only two dissenting votes in each branch.

Cotton Factory. We learn that about one-half the operatives in the Kennebec Factory, in this city, will be discharged on the first of June, and has been under the surveillance of the law for criminals. It may be true, but it should not be fixed upon him even thus.

House. A communication was received from the Secretary of State transmitting the County estimates, which was referred.

On Motion of Mr. Simon of Searsport, Order. The House, upon a motion of Mr. Simon of Searsport, appointed a Committee to report on the subject of State valuation, was finally passed.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Muse.

From the Louisville Journal.
THE SPRING OF LIFE IS PAST.
The spring of life is past,
With its budding hopes and fears,
And its summer time is coming
With its weight of weary years—
Our joyousness is fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
And youth's fresh dreams of gladness
All perish darkly there.

While balsam was blossoming near us,
In the heart's first burst of spring,
Many hopes could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing!
Like the foam upon the river,
When the breeze goes rippling o'er,
These hopes have fled forever,
To come to us no more.

"Tis said—yet sweet—no list
To the soft wind's gentle swell;
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;

To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
We will feel again our boyhood's wish,
To roam like angels there.

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—

And from that of being, of course,
Old thoughts come thronging fast;

The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days gone now,

The beautiful and the lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this;

Whose soft, dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,

And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er boughs so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—

Like the changeful gleams of April,

They followed every tear;

They have passed—like hope—away—

All their loveliness has fled—

Oh! many a heart is mourning,
That are with the dead.

Like the brightest balsams of summer,
They have fallen from the stem—

Yet, oh! it is a lonely death,
To fade from earth like them!

And yet the thought is enduring,
To meet such as they—

Are passing fast away;

That the fair ones whom we love,

Like the tendrils of the vine,
Climb closely to each loving heart,

The perish on their shrine!

And yet we can but think of these
In soft and gentle dreams.

While the trees are waving o'er us,
And flowers are blossoming;

For we know that winter's coming,

With his cold and stormy sky—

And the glorious beauty round us

Is bidding bid to die.

The Story-Celler.

From Chambers' Journal.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

The "days of chivalry," in the steel-armor and horse-prancing sense of the phrase, have doubtless passed away into the limbo reserved for all social extravagances; but the spirit which, in the eyes of thoughtful men, redeemed its own vain shows and vainless accessories from unmixed contempt, interlaced with the prosaic drama of conventional modern life, survives in more than all its ancient vigor, and from time to time gleams forth and illuminates the sober hues of our neutralized civilization with the brilliant prismatic colors of the dawn. In other words, there are deeds constantly enacted in this matter-of-fact world of ours which, for real heroism, have no parallel in the glittering annals of plumed and painted chivalry. A romantic episode in the life of a gallant and well-known sea-officer—for the exact verity of which I, and indeed many others still living, can vouch—affords, I think, a vivid illustration of this brief text.

Francis Travers, as I shall call him, was the only son of a worthy and somewhat eccentric gentleman of Devonshire, who had passed the greater part of an active and successful life in the naval service of the East India Company. He retired from active pursuits at the—for this bustling go-a-head country—early age of fifty-five; and having secured the savings of his life in the funds, retired to an old-fashioned rustic residence called Marlands, to enjoy in solitary dignity—he had been long a widower—the remainder of his allotted days. His house, in common with those of most retired seamen, was speedily decorated with a wind-vane and a flag-staff, on which was frequently exhibited busting of every hue and device known and recognized throughout the time—

and the remainder of these interests, he had been accustomed to. Finally, on the very morning after the news arrived that his son had credibly passed for a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, Mr. Travers was found dead and cold in his bed. The coroner's inquest recorded that he died by "the visitation of God."

Lieutenant Travers, the sole heir of his father's wealth, was at this time a fine specimen of a well-educated, intelligent naval officer, and rich, well-looking, and of robust health, might be fairly looked upon as an extremely fortunate person, whose in all probability a brilliant, cloudless future awaited. In the young officer's own opinion, however, all these aids and appliances were nothing if they failed to obtain for him the sole object, after professional fame, of his ambition—the hand of the beautiful girl by whom, since his first visit to his father at Marlands, his whole being—heart, soul, sense—had been engrossed. His admiration of Mary Wharton was perhaps all the more enthusiastic and intense from having remained so strictly confined to his own breast. His heart alone knew and brooded over its own secret, and was likely, it seemed, to do so for an indefinite time to come, inasmuch as the daring sailor, who had already been twice wounded in desperate boat expeditions upon which he had volunteered, doubted much whether he should ever master sufficient audacity to disclose his passion even to the fair lady herself.

It is the faith or imagination of the worshipper which invests the idol or the shrine with its transcendent attributes; and often as Francis Travers had counted up his own advantages—*videlicet*, a person which even his modesty could not but admit was not one to frighten the gentler sex; a professional reputation for skill and daring; and now, since the death of his father, a handsome fortune—he pronounced them all mere dross and rags when weighed against the divine perfections of the lady. It is very doubtful whether any other human being would have arrived at the same conclusion. Mary Wharton was indeed an amiable, graceful girl; and her beauty, if not of the brilliant

kind which at first view dazzles the beholder, was scarcely less ultimately dangerous in its penitive thoughtfulness, and in the bewitching gentleness which, gleaming from out the transparent depths of her sweet blue eyes, tinted the pale, finely-turned cheek with varying charm. But excepting this beauty of expression more than of form, and an unquestionably amiable temper and disposition, she had really nothing to boast. Of worldly fortune she would not possess one shilling, and was neither fashionably nor wealthily connected. Her father, Sir Richard Wharton—a spendthrift, gambling baronet, of old creation, it is true, but bankrupt alike in health and fortune, known, in fact, to be overwhelmed with debt—was scarcely very desirable as a father-in-law; and yet Francis Travers, as he took leave of Lady Wharton and her daughter, after attending his father's funeral, could not help wondering, as he gazed upon the fair, gentle girl, and felt her calm reservedness of tone and manner sweep coldly across his bearing heart, at his presumptuous folly in having loved her!—*forged* my wife's name to a warrant of attorney, drew out the entire capital, played with, and lost all! And now—now! cried the miserable man with spasmodic violence, "you know all—know that by my act, my wife, my child, are paupers—beggars—homeless—friendless; and, for you, without resource or hope!"

"Merciful powers! can this be true?"

"As death!" rejoined the baronet, his husky accents again sinking to a feeble whisper. "And you, on whom I counted, hesitate, I see, to save my name from infamy, even though the reward were mine!"

"A bright, particular star,"

"And thought to wed it."

So strange are the tricks which the blind god sometimes plays with the eyes and understandings of his more enthusiastic votaries.

The frigate to which Lieutenant Travers was first appointed, after knocking about the Channel through the winter, picking up a few trifling prizes, was ordered to Portsmouth, to be overhauled, and have her defects made good; but being found thoroughly infected with dry rot, was put out of commission, and ultimately broken up. The brush-off of Trafalgar had crippled Napoleon's marine; and as the breeze with Brother Jonathan had not yet sprung up, lieutenants were in somewhat less respect than usual, and Travers took up his abode at Marlands, undisturbed for a considerable time by intimation or command from the Admiralty. Mary Wharton, more beautiful, more interesting than ever, received him, he imagined, with a much more cordial frankness than formerly; Lady Wharton seemed pleased with his return; whilst Sir Richard, who, he instinctively felt, had long since perished, his secret, and with whom, by the way, he had always been a great favorite, expressed unqualified pleasure at seeing him. What wonder, then, that the illusions dispelled by former coldness should reappear beneath the genial warmth of such a reception! There was no rival in the case; of that he felt assured. Indeed, with the exception of the Rev. Edmund Harford, curate of the parish church, and Mary's cousin, Lady Wharton and her daughter lived at Archer's Lodge in almost entire seclusion. Sir Richard for three-fourths of the year resided in London, and when visiting Devonshire, surrounded himself with associates whose manners and pursuits were anything but congenial with those of his wife and daughter. As to the curate, accomplished scholar and eloquent divine as he was, and much as Miss Wharton seemed to take pleasure in his varied and brilliant conversation—not more, however, than did her mother and Travers himself—any notion of marriage with him was, the lieutenant felt, quite out of the question. Edmund Harford's amicable was only about ninety pounds a year—he had no influential connections to push him on in the church—and Travers thought he had ill read the human character if Lady Wharton, did any chance exist of Mary allying herself with poverty and wretchedness, would permit an intercourse likely to have so fatal a result. Thus reasoning, believing, hoping, Travers surrendered himself unresisting to the influence by which he was entangled. He walked, fished, played at billiards with the baronet, participated freely in all the various modes he adopted for killing time, except gaming, and awaited with torturing anxiety a favorable moment for terminating the feverish doubts which, reason as he might, still haunted him incessantly. A circumstance, sudden, unexpected, and terrible, cut short his hesitation, and pushed him to a decision he might have else delayed for months—perhaps years.

A dispute arose late one night between Sir Richard Wharton and one of his companions respecting alleged unfair play at cards. Injurious epithets were freely interchanged; and after a fruitless attempt by the persons present to adjust the quarrel amicably, an appeal to the arbitrament of the pistol was arranged for an early hour the next morning. The meeting took place, and both combatants were wounded at the first fire—Sir Richard, as it proved, mortally.

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fruits in her maiden hood; the annual interest amounted to about eight hundred pounds!"

"Indeed! I never heard!"

"Perhaps not. This revenue Lady Wharton has constantly drawn, half-yearly, through Child's banking-house. It was devoted by her to the maintenance of our establishment. A few months since, I—bend lower, that I may kiss the accused confession in your ear,—I, pressed by enormous gaming debts, and infatuated by a belief that I might, had I the means of playing for large stakes, retrieve my losses, forged—do you hear?—*forged* my wife's name to a warrant of attorney, drew out the entire capital, played with, and lost all!

"The momentary glance of indignant surprise, passed from Mary Wharton's face at this cursory admission of her father's name. Her suffused eyes were again bent on the ground, whilst the rich color came and went on her cheek, as she replied in a low, agitated voice—"Edmund and I have known, have been attached, almost betrothed to each other from his boyhood."

"Enough, Miss Wharton," said Travers, hastily rising; "I will not trespass further on your indulgence. May all good angels guard and bless you!"

"For, said he, seizing her hand and passionately kissing it: "and, for your sake, him—Farewell!" He hurried from the house, and the same evening took the coach for London; made the necessary arrangements for continuing the payment of Lady Wharton's dividend through Child, as before; then proceeded to Portsmouth, and joined his ship, which in a few days afterwards sailed for the South American station.

Lady Wharton and her daughter removed, as they had intimated, to Wales, where Edmund Harford had obtained a curacy, scarcely of much money—so that he had left in Devonshire. After the lapse of a twelve-month, he was married to Mary Wharton; still, however, retaining his curacy as a means of usefulness. This union was a happy one. In the enjoyment of an ample sufficient income, and soon began to bring them into their own in their beautiful retreat, augmenting with some new blessing, their sum of money was increased by a few thousand pounds, and the next year he was promoted to a higher curacy, with a larger income.

"Easily. Continue to pay the dividend as usual through Child, till you are married. Lady Wharton will live with you and Mary till—till—You understand?"

"I think so!" passionately exclaimed Travers.